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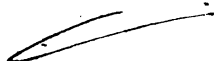
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RATE

Old Bond St

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THE
C U R A T E:
A
P O E M.

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH
OTHER POEMS.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JAMES CARPENTER,
OLD BOND-STREET.

1810.



**Harding and Wright, Printers,
St. John's Square, London.**

P R E F A C E.

NO apology can be necessary for the publication of the present Poem. If it deserves any regard, the public will be at liberty to determine. If it has no claims upon their favour, the consequences devolve solely upon the author. In the mean time, it is a duty he owes to himself to declare, that he has used his best efforts to render it acceptable. The subject itself, however, is of such vital interest to the community, that he presumes to hope it may excite attention ; and if that object be attained, it will be a sufficient consolation under the partial odium necessarily

attending such a composition, and in the midst of those obstacles, which it will probably oppose to his future success in his profession.

There are, however, some subjects of a general nature introduced into the Poem, which it may not be improper to notice somewhat more at large in this place.

It appears too much the practice of persons who estimate things by halves, to depreciate directly or indirectly the value of our Ecclesiastical Establishment. Others again contemplate it with total indifference. Any thing, however, would be preferable to such neutrality. If the Church of England is not a polity of the first importance, let the immediate dissolution of it become a national

PREFACE.

experiment ; let us try the effect of such a bill, as that once presented by * Sir Edward Deering, in the time of Charles I. ; or allow it to die away in an enfeebled and superannuated old age. But if it is of essential importance to the country, if it has been, and is, the admiration of the Christian world, the '*ocellus Ecclesiarum*,' the basis of the best civil government, the common bond of social confidence and security, and the most rational of all religious institutions, it becomes a necessary consequence, that it should be supported in a manner best calculated to give it effect : that those, who devote their time, health, and abilities, to it's service, should be removed from every difficulty and inconvenience, that may damp their exertions ;

* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, Book III.

and that not only the State, the *legislative* and executive powers of government, should lose no opportunity of promoting it's welfare, and of acknowledging it's advantages, but every individual should pay it the tribute of respect, deference, support, and gratitude.

It is said, that the Clergy are indolent and supine in the performance of their professional duties, and the increase of Methodism is adduced in proof of the assertion. But is not this, if the assertion be true, the effect of poverty in the officiating part of them? Is it not because the motives to exertion are curtailed, or not sufficient; and that they are obliged to seek a maintenance, a precarious and disreputable subsistence, by employments foreign to the profession which

should support them ? None but knaves will assert, that their poverty is the consequence of their own vices, and imperfections. In a body, they may be considered as the main pillar of the national character : and let me be allowed to suggest, that it is at the peril of the country to neglect them. With the demolition of our Established Church, it wants no great sagacity to foresee the downfall of our liberties ; unless universal profligacy, want of faith and social integrity, narrow and intolerant bigotry, hypocrisy, neglected or superficial education, solution of political ties, debility of institutions, public treachery, destruction of legal principle, abandonment of the poor, insecurity of property, debasement of national reputation, and final revolution, may be thought compatible with real freedom.

I have neither leisure nor inclination, to answer the objections of some modern cavillers against the Church. We all know what a serious infringement of the liberty of the subject it would be to censure their disputing upon that, which they have not the opportunities of understanding. In civil and ecclesiastical matters this right, though implicitly waved in the first foundation of all government, must meet with no restraint. It would effectually estrange many from the Established Church to tell them that they were not fully competent to judge of its merits and defects. This, however, I must say ;---it is the height of uncharitableness, nor can I envy that man his understanding or moral feelings, who is weak enough to imagine that generations of men should continue in the mere mercenary profession of a

system and doctrines, which in their hearts they condemned : and I may safely declare, that not one in a thousand of those, who are led by whatever motives to discuss the nature, tenets, or canons of our Establishment, will be found to have passed the very threshold of that learning, and of those acquirements, upon which it was first erected.

The subject of tithes is slightly touched upon in the following Poem. This right has ever been the unexpiated crime of our Clergy. It has made them *avaricious* and *worldly-minded*; and, in the views of what is called the *landed-interest*, this system of decimation is the high road to national ruin. A very pathetic pamphlet upon the 'Abolition of Tithes,' has lately been published by a man of the name of Flower, which exposes all the

horrors and abominations of this practice, and which concludes by warning the Clergy, "that the increased claims of Ecclesiastics have often been the presage, the fore-runner of a revolutionary hurricane, that has swept away both them and their revenues,---*leaving them to repine in vain at their avarice, their folly, and their fall.*" Mr. Flower certainly writes very feelingly ; and would, no doubt, endure any religious conversion, rather than pray in the same church with a Clergyman, that can condescend to think of a tenth haycock or wheat-sheaf. It would be some consolation to such men, as Mr. Flower, if the property of the Clergy did not keep pace with the price of every article of life, and was not subject to all the improvements in modern agriculture. But they would be highly edified and wonderfully delighted

with the pious labours of a Clergy, that could live upon nothing, and interfere with the produce of the earth, as little as the cherubims and seraphims on the church-walls.--- For my own part, without preferment, or the most distant prospect of it, I would humbly suggest, that every relaxation of a clergyman in exacting his just rights, is a failure in his duty to the Establishment, and a motive to further encroachment. To reason upon the nature and origin of the right is quite useless. The only method of proceeding is, to demand to the full extent what is justly due, and by legal assistance in obtaining it, without compromise or abatement, to impress the landed proprietors with this salutary truth, that the same law, which secures them in the possession of their own property, has likewise provided, and will make them re-

sponsible, for that part of it, which devolves upon the Clergyman. To exact in part only, that which is due to the full amount, is the very best method of making men of confined minds question the right and justice of the claim altogether.



CURA

Print



TE G
and Publ

THE CURATE.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION....The Curate....His education, residence, and curacies....Is the father of a large family. His domestic habits, and mode of life....Excellent effects of temperance....True origin of dark and intricate subjects....His income will not afford him a horse....Comparison of a Curate with a hack...His exposure to all inclemencies of the weather....Arrival at his church....Address to his higher brethren....Late patronage of little service.

THE CURATE.

CANTO I.

FROM flow'ry vales, and holy springs,
From themes of heroes, wars, and kings,
From hippogriff on Pindus' height,
From strains that nobler bards indite,
Haste, gracious Muse, to guide the lay, 5
'That creeps distrustful into day ;
From Fiction's fairy path retire,
And one dull verse of truth inspire.

Say then, kind Muse, for you best can—
Is this poor ghastly Clerk the man 10
So fam'd in College for a store
Of splendid wit and Attic lore ?

Who loll'd in academic ease,
Awake to nought but duns and fees ;
And first in prizes, and in lecture, 15
Had hop'd, at least, to die a Rector.
'Tis he, indeed ! the very same !
Two cures resound with Slender's name.
Doom'd on the height of yonder wold
To bear the brunt of wind and cold, 20
Where not a tree with shelt'ring leaves
The weather-beaten hind receives ;
Save, that two oaks of stunted forms
Have borne a century of storms ;
Where not a hedge-row greets the eye, 25
And walls unvaried flank the sky ;
Where cheerless huts remotely spread,
With many a mould'ring naked shed,
And mocking all the tempest's power,
A gloomy, flat, unsculptur'd tower, 30
Just peering o'er the flinty ground
Are seen for twenty miles around.

In that poor village for his lot,
The tenant of a crazy cot,
Upon whose thatch, all grey and low, 35
The dark-green moss delights to grow,
Resides the Curate with his wife,
And steals in indigence through life.
Her, poor, yet fair, he fondly took,
And every dawning hope forsook ; 40
To inauspicious hymen bore
The partner of his scanty store* ;

* Here is one prominent evil attending the narrow income of an English Curate. Without the means of providing even for himself, it is no uncommon thing to observe him imprudently (to say no worse of it), dragging into the same gulf of necessity an inexperienced victim, as devoid of foresight, as she is overflowing with affection. It is with a view to these accumulated wants, that Lord Bacon recommends a single life to a clergyman in his usual quaintness,—“Charity will hardly water the ground, where it must first fill a pool.”—*Essays*. Were the resources of the inferior Catholic, as confined as those of the Protestant, clergy, in their complete

Forgetting 'twas decreed above—
That mortals cannot starve and love.

The blaze of College-splendour fled, 45
He labours now for truth and bread ;
With poverty's most galling curse—
A quiverful of brats to nurse ;
Compell'd to gnaw the baker's trust,
And soothè his wife with kissing-crust ; 50
To pare, if so the huckster please,
The new elastic milk-white cheese ;
To dandle Peter, while he pouts,
And warm his little swaddling-clouts.

His fate, how oft !, the butcher wroth,* 55
To feed for weeks on herbs and broth ;

dearth of rational arguments, poverty might be fairly adduced as a reason for celibacy ; if arguments can find a place in opposition to the dictates of nature sanctioned by the Gospel.

* Every Curate has read the '*Country Parson*' of

Or, if his better stars incline,
On the sweet scrag itself to dine.

the pious and exemplary George Herbert. Such, however, is the state of the church, at the present day, that what relates to the temporal concerns of the Country-parson bears almost as little analogy to the circumstances of the modern Curate, as the feast of vassals in the hall of a feudal baron does to the little tea-drinking rout of one of our municipal fine ladies. Much is talked of the dignity and respectability of these members of the church; while many of them have little more than this moonshine of character to support them. Speaking of the 'parson's courtesie,' Mr. Herbert tells us, that "the Country-parson owing a debt of charity to the poor, and of courtesie to his other parishioners, so distinguisheth, that he keeps his money for the poor, and his table for those that are above alms;"—and, "having invited some of his parish, he taketh his times to do the like to the rest: so that in the compass of the year, he hath them all with him." Amiable and useful as such conduct may be, I suspect there is not a Curate in the country, however desirous of it, whose income would justify such a practice: nay, there are not many beneficed clergymen, who can afford to act as Mr. Herbert recommends.

He owes the fatten'd pig no pork,
Save the thin rasher on the fork ; 60
No pullets, geese, nor turkies bring
The tempting mitre, dainty wing ;
The world of waters with its fish
Sends but a herring to his dish.
What buck e'er lent his spit a haunch ? 65
What spacious turbot swells his paunch ?
What turtle ever clos'd an eye,
To fill with various flesh his pie ?
In Curate's crust no currants swim ;
Great-bonums, what are you to him ? 70
No apricots his pastries know,
And only suet streaks his dough.
His plain and well-digested diet
Preserve the mind and body quiet.
No passions rack his carcase frail, 75
No freaks inordinate assail :
His brains, all sober and sedate,
Ne'er teem with plans for church or state.

His fancy, in its worst confusion,
Ne'er rais'd the goblin, revolution. 80
He leaves the founding stately sects
To grave Utopian architects ;
Myst'ries inscrutable divine
Refers to men of spice and wine :
Nor in his wildest moments e'er meant 85
By damning popes to get preferment.
He never wish'd to climb on high
By schoolmen's ladders to the sky,
To scan from some unhallow'd station
The dreary waste, Predestination. 90
He rides no horse so 'bove his skill,
As birth-sin, merit, or free-will.

Still that posterity may know
From whence such doughty subjects flow ;
Sing, Muse benign, or rather say, 95
How judgments orthodox may stray :
How on a dark and stormy night,
In weary, cold, and dripping plight,

The farmer's stout October tried,
And Sunday's doctrine not supplied ; 100
In haste, with high-fermented brain
Of evil's source, and sinner's pain,
The Curate wrote in phrase profound,
And rung a thousand changes round ;
Seem'd every height and depth to scan, 105
Of realms untravers'd yet by man ;
And spoke so firmly, it appear'd
Celestial converse overheard.
This trick his evil genius play'd him,
And into ditch and dirt betray'd him. 110
His wife bemoan'd her phrenzied dear,
And hymn'd the praises of small-beer.
While Slender hung, restor'd at last,
A votive tablet for the past :
And reason swore no more to stray, 115
But trot along the king's highway.

Yet let not fancy in her strides
Conclude from this our Curate rides ;

E'en rashness self would mount in fear,

• With wife and fifty pounds a-year. 120

Once have I seen the meagre hack

Bear the gaunt Churchman on its back ;

Have seen him spur the hide-bound side

Of founder'd beast—the kennel's pride ;

Bankrupt in motion, as in breath, 125

Danger his walk, his gallop death.

* The following advertisement, in a respectable public paper, will remove all ideas of exaggeration, and may serve as a commentary to the whole poem, for persons unacquainted with the necessities of our neglected Clergy. “ The benefactions of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and W. Middleton, esq. to poor Clergymen, amounting to 800*l.* were distributed on Monday se'nnight among 78 applicants ; one of whom, Mr. James Marshal, of Ireby, in Cumberland, is stated to be 53 years of age, and to have ten children, with an income of 25*l.* per annum !!!”—I am sorry for the children.—*Γεροντες ευφορωτατα ηνσαν φεισσι.* —*Hippocrates.* “ Old men feel no inconvenience from fasting.”

Lean pair of ghosts of shadowy beauty,
Alike emaciated by duty ;
Alike their fortune to be let,
While others thrive by what they get. 130
To ease the hunter, trots the hack,
And Rectors mount the Curate's back.
Sleek, fierce, and full, the courser feeds
From cribs unknown to meaner steeds.
Poor hackney-grinders, still in danger, 135
From want of victuals gnaw the manger.
Rich, plump, and proud, the Rector chews
Barons of beef, and city-stews :
The Curate's treat (expensive habit !)
A narrow griskin, or welsh-rabbit. 140
Who heaves a sympathetic sigh
For hacks, that break their knees, or die ?
Does not the rider curse the Letter
For not providing him a better ?
Diseas'd in body, craz'd in mind, 145
What pity can the Curate find ?

Much did the Rector hope to see

*One of a stronger frame than he ;

And much he dreads the care and pothor,

When once this dies, to get another. 150

Since this, has Slender's wife denied†

To let her Christian hero ride :

* Few persons can form an adequate idea of the strength of constitution necessary for the proper care of two, or, as is frequently the case, of three curacies : although the aggregate salaries of them all may scarcely furnish a maintenance. All the Scriptural terms for the ministers of God imply activity, vigilance, and labour. To render their office effectual at the present day, even in a single country-village, very great exertion of mind and body is requisite. But where three are entrusted to the care of one Curate, they must either be neglected, or imperceptibly wear down the greatest vigour of faculties in a faithful attention to them. Whoever considers the full discharge of such duties, may almost ask with the Apostle—*προς ταυτα τις ικανος* ;

† In "The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy," &c. which I should like to see

And he removes, with equal sense,
Her fears of danger and expense.

reprinted, a horse is reckoned among the luxuries of the clerical function, highly improper for the mortified lusts of a poor Curate. But I cannot refrain from transcribing the whole passage.—“ I know many of the laity are usually so extremely tender of the spiritual welfare of the clergy, that they are apt to wish them but very small temporal goods, lest their inward state should be in danger : (a thing they need not much fear, since that effectual humiliation of Henry VIII.) For, say they, the great tithes, large glebes, good victuals, and warm clothes, do but puff up the priest, make him fat, foggy, and useless, and fill him with pride, vain-glory, and all kinds of inward wickedness, and pernicious corruption. We see this plain, say they, in the *Whore of Babylon* : to what a degree of luxury and intemperance (besides a great deal of false doctrine) have riches and honour raised up that strumpet ? How does she strut it and swagger it over all the world, terrifying princes, and despising kings and emperors ! The Clergy, if ever we would expect any edification from them, ought to be dieted and kept low, to be meek and humble, quiet, and stand in need of a pot of milk from their next

Long since the dirt and pelting rain 155
Have chill'd his toughen'd limbs in vain.

neighbour, and always be very loth to ask for their very right, for fear of making any disturbance in the parish, or seeming to understand, or have any respect for this vile and outward world. Under the *Law* indeed, in those old times of darkness and eating, the priests had their first and second dishes, their milk and honey, their manna and quails, their outward also and inward vestments: but now, under the Gospel, and in times of light and fasting, a much more sparing diet is fitter; and a single coat, though it be never so ancient and thin, is fully sufficient. We must now look, say they, (if we would be the better for them,) for a hardy and labouring Clergy, that is mortified to a horse, and all such pampering vanities; and that can foot it five or six miles in the dirt, and preach till starlight for as many shillings; as also a sober and temperate Clergy, that will not eat so much as the laity, but that the least pig, and the least sheaf, and the least of every thing, may satisfy their spiritualship. And besides, a money-renouncing Clergy, that can abstain from seeing a penny a month together, unless it be when the *collectors* and *visitationers* come. These are all Gospel-

**From loss of flesh comes this behoof,
His hide at length is weather-proof.**

dispensations, and great instances of patience, contentedness, and resignations of affections to all the emptinesses and fooleries of this life. But cannot a Clergyman choose rather to lie upon feathers than a hurdle, but he must be idle, soft, and effeminate? May he not desire wholesome food, and fresh drink, unless he be a cheat, a hypocrite, and an impostor? And must he needs be void of all grace, though he has a shilling in his purse after the rates be crossed? And full of pride and vanity, though his house stands not upon crutches, and though his chimney is to be seen a foot above the thatch? Oh, how prettily and temperately may half a score children be maintained, with almost 20*l.* per annum! What a handsome shift a poor, ingenuous, and frugal divine will make, to take it by turns, and wear a cassock one year, and a pair of breeches another! What a becoming thing is it for him that serves at the altar, to fill the dung-cart in dry weather, and to heat the oven, and pile hemp in wet! And a pleasing sight is it, to see the man of God fetching up his single melancholy cow from a small rib of land that is scarce to be found without a guide! Or to be seated upon a soft and

With legs high-swath'd in coat of mud,
Onward he stalks through mire or flood, 160
Paddles through marshes, and can wade
Lanes navigable, undismay'd.

Still as he views the tap'ring spire,
His flagging spirits catch new fire.
Low in the dappled vale it lies, 165
Where elms, and barns, and hay-ricks rise ;
It's summit, far remote from view,
To worldly struggle bids adieu ;
And leaves the care of pomp, or woe,
To kings and curates down below. 170

well-grinded pouch of meal ! Or to be planted upon
a pannier with a pair of geese, or turkies, bobbing
out their heads from under his canonical coat !—Or
to find him raving about the yards, or keeping his
chamber close, because the duck lately miscarried of
an egg, or that the never-failing hen has unhappily
forsaken her wonted nest." &c. &c.

There on the mounded grave supine
The listless peasants oft recline ;
And while the noon-tide rays prevail,
Yawn o'er the sexton's live-long tale ;
Now on the moss-grown tombstone sit, 175
Obstreperous at the neatherd's wit ;
Or brawling sportively at length
Deal round their awkward feats of strength.
Meantime some hoary village crone,
Low-bending, spells the wrinkled stone ; 180
Back from his secret silent doom
Recals the tenant of the tomb.
With phrase antique, and rustic dates,
Long annals of his life relates ;
And with her crutch denotes the spot, 185
Where stood his garden-circled cot.
" The times have been, when I could share
His arm at harvest, wake, or fair ;
When on his youthful neck I've hung,
While jocund madrigals he sung. 190

Ah me ! the days have featly past,
Since these old eyes beheld him last ;
Since by these hands, at his decease,
His bones were folded up in peace.
Well ! grant it Heav'n, my corpse may lie, 195
If not with his, at least hard by."

See down yon steep with rapid strides
The Curate's ghastly figure glides ;
Nor heeds where clouds impending low'r,
Or break relentless in a show'r. 200
Ere long well-drench'd by storm and mire,
He greets the parish, clerk, and squire.
The dames bemoan his squalid plight,
And children titter at the sight ;
While farmers every step beset 205
With " Bless us, sir ! 'tis desp'rate wet !"
Reeking, he meets their kind concern,
And grateful bends to all in turn ;

Complacent hopes the fall of rain
May load the teeming earth with grain. 210
Then smiling stamps his dripping feet,
And humbly pious takes his seat.

Say ye, whom tow'ring mitres please
With sacred ore and pillow'd ease ;
Say, whom no cares, no wants appal, 215
The sleek incumbents of a stall ;
Say, whom the pointer leads to game,*
With Aaron's vest and Nimrod's fame :

* Sweeping censures upon professions are always unjust. I have the greatest respect for the Episcopal function, and I do think the English Bench of Bishops a subject of national congratulation, their office arduous, their learning extensive, and their characters exemplary. Nay, I conceive their responsibility to be so great, and their duties so manifold and difficult, that I do not wonder Bishop Latimer should have felt himself so light and easy upon his release from them. Still I do maintain, that more might be

Who Fox's Martyrs leave to' your flocks,
And fly yourselves to martyr fox. 220

done by each bishop in his respective diocese for the welfare and respectability of the deserted and indigent Curates. With respect to the Bishops in their representative characters, it appears probable, from the fate of a late bill respecting stipendiary Curates, that unless the situation of these latter be represented in a manner more *general* and less connected with the interests of *lay impropiators*, than was then done, the Established Church must eventually and at no far distant period, become an insignificant name, and the contempt of the whole civilized world. I may likewise observe here, that *all* Rectors are not the rectors here depicted. There are a few exceptions which prove the rule. They are known as a body to the world, and as such they are characterized. For my own part I think them a supercilious race, aping the habits of the affluent gentry, and considering their curates with an eye of contempt. They are the same in every respect, as when pourtrayed by Stackhouse in his "Miseries of the Inferior Clergy," &c. a work, to which I feel great pleasure in referring the reader. It is a book, which abounds in sound reasoning, keen satire, and truths, which many

Lay-brothers of the Church—who crop
Its harvest rich, and ‘sink the shop.’

would have touched with a more delicate and tender hand. The author is warm with the subject, and he has discussed it so fully, that I think no bishop should overlook a page of it. Prudence, I mean cold worldly calculating prudence, might have whispered in his ear—

“ Ου τοι απασα κερδιων
φαινοισα προσωπον αλαθει’ ατρεκης,
κ’ το σιγαῖν πολλακις εστι σοφω-
τατον ανθρωπων νοησαι.”

but his motive was pure benevolence, or as he himself says, “To ease the weary shoulder, and relieve the impotent, and weak.” I know not what construction will be put upon the present composition in this respect: but I may be allowed, at least, to disclaim all interested motives. I trust that I have been actuated only by the advice and example of one, whose eye was constantly directed to the public service:—‘ Ου γαρ ετως αφρων, εδε ατυχης ειμι εγω, ωστε απεχθανεσθαι βηλεσθαι, μηδεν ωφελειν νομιζων· αλλα δικαιοι πολιοι κρινω, την των πραγματος σωτηριαν αντι της εν τῷ λεγειν χαριτος κεισθαι.’

Tame gulls, that bawds and gamblers light on
At Weymouth, Chelt'nham, Bath and Brighton ;
Who living raise the world's compassion, 225
Or die despis'd as men of fashion.
Foplings, whom vanity profanes
With hats amorphous, aprons, canes* ;

* Although every man of sober reason must be disgusted with the irreligion of the Edinburgh Review, and in some instances with its actual blasphemy, yet I am induced to lay before the reader the following description, which is evidently taken from nature. In the critique upon Dr. Rennel's Sermons (Oct. 1802, p. 89.) the reviewer proceeds :—"Having exhausted all his powers of eulogium upon the times that are gone, Dr. Rennel indemnifies himself by the very novel practice of declaiming against the present age. It is an *evil age*—an *adulterous age*—an *ignorant age*—an *apostate age*—and a *foppish age*. Of the propriety of the last epithet our readers may, perhaps, be more convinced, by calling to mind a class of fops not usually designated by that epithet—men clothed in profound black, with

Say all, whose pamper'd bodies thrive,
 By Curates, doom'd to starve alive ; 230
 What penance, pilgrimage, denial,
 Can equal Slender's christian trial ?
 What durance, question, maceration,
 Can rival such a dread probation ?
 To you no bitter potion's giv'n, 235
 Your's is the honied cup of heav'n ;
 Callous your hearts to such a state,
 No pity lend, or lend too late ;
 When past the relish of the mind,
 For all that blends, that cheers mankind. 240

large canes, and strange amorphous hats—of big
 speech, and imperative presence—talkers about
 Plato—great affectors of senility—despisers of
 women, and all the graces of life—fierce foes to
 common sense—abusive of the living, and approving
 no one, who has not been dead for at least a cen-
 tury. Such fops, as vain and shallow as their fra-
 ternity in Bond-street, differ from them only as
 Gorgonius differed from Rufillus."

*When shrunk the sturdy nerve, that might
 Have brandish'd terror in the fight ;
 Lost all the vigour youth display'd,
 Which might have gain'd a home in trade ;
 Years, joyless years, have roll'd away, 245
 Nor left to age one gladsome ray.
 ' Hope long delay'd has tam'd the soul,'
 Too great for common care's control.
 Now sullen grief with heavy plough
 Furrows despondence on the brow : 250
 And weak with labour, torn with pain,
 The body seeks repose in vain.

* Sed defluit ætas
 Et pelagi patiens, et cassidis, atque ligonis.
 Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
 Terpsichoren odit *facunda et nuda senectus.*
 Juv. Sat. vii.

END OF CANTO I.

THE CURATE.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Village-green....Situation of the Curate's cottage....His garden, and children...The Curate's eldest daughter....His sow....Prayers for a cow....Residence and character of the Squire....His dislike to the church, whence originating....General contempt of the Curate in the parish....He is the tool of their convenience....Respected by the wiser few....His sermons, plain and practical, addressed to the feelings and adapted to the circumstances of his auditory..... Conquest of an unreclaimed heart more glorious to the Curate than the ruin of empires to the ambitious warrior.

THE CURATE.

CANTO II.

NEVER was village-green so bare !--
Not one enliv'ning object there !
No mounded elm, where loons recline !
Nor shady pool for thirsty kine !
No level lawn for evening sport, 5
'The lounging cottager's resort !
No ! not a turf of fertile sod
By sheep and strolling cattle trod !
A strip of ragged brake at most
Is all the village-green can boast ! 10
So scant the blade its limits give,
Not e'en the pedlar's ass can live.

It's waste, to cheerful life unknown,
Can lure the Curate's pig alone :
For if a straggling goose should roam 15
Unwittingly so far from home,
It seeks the dainty herb in vain,
And forthwith cackles back again.
Yet 'tis some joy, that on such ground
Are seen the parish stocks and pound ; 20
For though with double terrors drear
The hour of lonely penance here,
They carry back the wistful mind
To man, and nature left behind.

Low on the frontiers of this green 25
May Slender's pelting cot be seen !
Not deck'd with shrub, or eglantine,
Or mantle of the leafy vine.
Bare stand the walls ! and save the sty, e,
Cheer'd by no social object nigh. 30

Far off the well-known sign, high-swung,
And jocund barn the ricks among !
The forge alone, and clanging sound
Of anvil, chase the glooms around ;
Glooms, such as spread their iron load 35
O'er desolation's grim abode,
Or those dank pestilential cells,
Where pity dies, and hope rebels.

Not e'en the garden's labor'd soil
Will here reward the Curate's toil : 40
Still though he cherish seed and root,
The plant unblest, the sickly shoot,
Like faint exotics mock his care,
Or niggard fruits untimely bear ;
Of rain, of heat, and cheering dews, 45
The fost'ring influence refuse.
Full many a sigh the Curate heaves
As still he marks the wither'd leaves ;

The limber sprout, in fallow plight,
The prey of cankerworm and blight. 50
But *one more year*, if time befriends,
For every loss may make amends ;
Hence with fresh seed his hopes repose,
Till *one more year* renews his woes.

Nor on his callow offspring rise* 55
Propitious suns, and clement skies ;

* Advice should be peculiarly adapted to those, who are to put it in practice, or it is merely ploughing the sand. I know of no pastoral admonitions to the inferior Clergy on temporal concerns, at all suited to their circumstances. Yet I cannot imagine, why they should pass wholly unnoticed. The advice of the learned and pious Bishop Hall to his brother on the duties of the ministerial office, however inapplicable to Curates of the present day in every respect, contains much good sense and useful instruction. On the conduct of his family, he observes :
“Neither will it serve you to be thus good alone ;

Untrain'd, untrimm'd, they wildly grow,
Expos'd to all the storms that blow.
Unwash'd by culture's genial dews,
That want, and cruel fates refuse, 60
Unfruitful vegetates the mind,
By flints and clogging weeds confin'd :
Nor wafts, denied protective care,
One gale of perfume on the air.

But see ! in russet frock begirt, 65
High-sandal'd for the causey dirt,

but if God shall give you the honour of this estate, the world will look you should be the grave guide of a well-ordered family : for this is proper to us, that the vices of our charge reflect upon us ; the sins of others are our reproach. If another man's children miscarry, the parent is pitied ; if a minister's, censured, &c." This applies only to a state of competence ; for surely no censure can attach to a man, whose constant employment is a struggle with a life of necessity.

D

With tresses loose, and bonnet shent,
The Curate's daughter homeward bent,
With huge brown loaf of second bread
Unsafely balanc'd on her head ! 70

One hand, dismiss'd its charge on high,
Fondles the meagre spaniel nigh.
Careless her smiles at random fall,
And speak benignity to all.

Her aspect thin, a parching round 75
Of fifteen summers has imbrown'd.
The hue by beauteous health supplied
Has scanty nourishment denied.

Yet neither want, nor suns unkind,
A sickly frame, untutor'd mind, 80
Nor absence of a hand to train,
Encourage, guide, correct, restrain,
Have all been able to efface

A modest, mild, attractive grace,
That Slender's placid features own, 85
To fools, and vulgar souls unknown.

That aged sow, whose furrow'd side,
 Lean paunch, and hips projecting wide,
 Proclaim her master's larder bare,
 And lack of fat superfluous fare, 90
 Of mealy wash, and dunghill ease,
 Was purchas'd cheap with surplice-fees.
 She in her season duly brings
 A tribe of starveling lanky things,
 That hang upon her arid teat, 95
 And bunt the flaccid dug for meat :
 At length, if doubtful fates but give
 Their squeaking souls a month to live,
 For wheat or niggard price agreed,
 *Swift to the nearest farm they speed ; 100

* One of the most striking evils accompanying these 'Labourers in the Vineyard,' is the actual check which poverty imposes on the performance of their professional duties. The conviction, that wealth is necessary to secure the common comforts

Whence some in rounder plight depart,
 With pullets plump to distant mart,
 And some, that 'scape a meaner fire,
 For rent delay'd appease the Squire.

Oft, when the garden crop has fail'd, 105
 And hope by accidents assail'd,
 Tho' founded on the Christian rock,
 Had almost sunk beneath the shock,

of life, and that their own profession opens no avenue to its accumulation, too often leads them to have recourse to methods of acquiring it highly derogatory from the character, and equally destructive to the respectability of a sacred office. Exhortation, reproof, and the 'bread of life,' are dispensed with an ill grace by one, "whose talk is of bullocks," whose time, labour, and expectations are bent wholly on the acquisition of riches, by means and pursuits generally inconsistent, and frequently disgraceful. But at the present day we are all *men of business*, half the Clergy are *Trullibers*, and such arguments will be deemed nugatory.

Has Slender still submissive pray'd,
That Heav'n his helpless state would aid ; 110
And to his garden and his sow,
Add the rich comforts of a cow :
Or that a less invidious lot
Would fix him in some fertile spot,
Where grateful harvests crown the seed, 115
Where smile the wood and flow'ry mead,
Where parish herds might freely taste
Fat pastures on a common waste ;
And milk in cheap abundance bless
His hungry household with a mess : 120
But thwarting fates these boons deny,
Thicken his wants, yet none supply.

West of the green in mansion grey,
Skirting an unfrequented way,
With gable ends, projecting o'er, 125
Huge casements square, and studded door,

High fence of brick, and long parterre,
With box and yew-tree figures rare,
Lives Godfrey Clump, by clowns in hire,
And vassal tenants, hight "The Squire." 130

Full many a lord with greater pelf
Can think less lordly of himself,
And view with less distressing pain
The cap undoff'd of passing swain.
Of selfish, cold, and cunning mind, 135

By no soft sympathy refin'd,
He loads his ruthless coffer high,
Lards well his paunch, drains flaggons dry,
Can lie, and cog, and swear, and curse,
Sing a lewd song, and practise worse ; 140

With rack-rent, farm and hut oppress,
And freely levy a distress,
Despoil the shepherd of his shed,
And sell the wretched pauper's bed ;
And, if repugnant to his sway, 145
The peasant learns not to obey,

To ruin sinks the stubborn slave,
And outrage haunts him to his grave.

Thrice has the Rector, bane of Squires,
Oppos'd this Satrap's fond desires 150
Of ruling church, and village crew,
Supreme in parish and in pew ;
Nay, dar'd to raise by manage tight
The tythes to nearly half his right.
Dread crime ! accomplish'd by extremes 155
Of threaten'd waggons, barns, and teams.
*While cries of priestcraft and of shame
Abuse the too-forbearing claim.

* The following quotation, if it does not convince, may amuse. In the " Figless Fig-tree" of Nehemiah Rogers, 1639, the difficulty of the minister's office is insisted upon, and the author more than once dwells upon the misconstructions put upon the conduct of the Clergy by the Laity. In one passage, he says upon this last subject:—" If we command, exhort, rebuke, as we are commanded (2 Tim. 4. 2. Tit. 2. 15.)

Long have the suns describ'd their way,
That witness'd Godfrey's deep dismay, 160
What time the pending dread arrears
With double total stabb'd his ears.

then we seek "*to lord it over God's heritage,*" and take too much upon us, and would bring all in subjection under us: if we tell you of that honour which is due to ministers, (1 Tim. 5. 17.) both of countenance and maintenance; then "It is in our cause that we speak, and who will believe us?" If they urge that text (1 Cor. 9. 7, &c.) then they are covetous and seek *yours* and not *you*: If they call for their own, and that in the most peaceable manner that they can, and for this end, that they may be able to follow their studies and provide for your souls, then they are contentious and covetous; when yet it is no covetousness in you to ask for sixpence, that is owing; nor covetousness in any, be his calling never so mean (tapster, tinker, or cobbler) to live of his labour. And shall the minister be worldly, covetous, or troublesome, in desiring to live upon his calling? Something we have said before of this, and such colic-worts twice sodd will not be easily digested."—
P. 384.

Yet never can oblivion close,
Nor time's emollient balm compose,
The wound, too great to be reliev'd, 165
Which then his avarice receiv'd,
Never shall Slender's famish'd hide
By Clump's ragouts distended wide,
With sabbath-dinners sleekly shine,
Or hail th' unwonted glow of wine. 170
For Slender shares the Rector's ban,
"Like master," Clump observes, "like man!"

I shame to say, that Slender finds
No less contempt from village hinds,
Whose churlish nerves refuse to prize 175
The gem, that beams not on the eyes.
The rusty hat, ten summers worn,
The russet coat at elbow torn,
Old hose of plush in greasy plight,
And worsted-heel, high-darn'd in sight, 180

To them bespeak his life of hire,
Nor one respectful thought inspire.
E'en the stiff nod their heads begrudge
To such a scarecrow parish drudge.
And, (for they know he ne'er denies) 185
If their new chubby brat but cries,
Tho' earth, and clouds one storm confound,
And midnight light'nings flash around,
The puling shrieks the nurse arouse,
Up from his pallet starts the spouse, 190
The gossips think, 'twill save a league
Of dirty road, and sad fatigue,
Some fortnight hence ; and all agree,
Since Curates have no midwife's fee,
For nurse's ease, and dame's content, 195
The good Philemon shall be sent
To fetch the Curate by surprise,
Their lusty imp to *half-baptize* :
For half, they think, an infant soul
May serve in need, as well as *whole* : 200

And Curates live, both heart and rump,
For public use, like village pump.

Not so the wise ! for far and near
The Curate's name to them is dear :
Not for munificence, nor aid 205
Of food, or clothing largely made ;
For these, and every bounteous deed,
Accord not with the Curate's need :
Yet do they mark his life with awe,
And his opinions make their law. 210
But these how few ! alas ! they stand
Rare, as the pearls upon the sand !

Still all his Sunday's task attend,
The praise, as well of foe, as friend.
Like Paul, he sows no barren lore, 215
No quirks polemic wrangled o'er ;
With garbled texts, and twisted sense,
From authors quoted in defence

Of some wild thought, or system vain,
That haply cross'd the writer's brain ; 220
No fruitless Ethics trimm'd about
With gear of metaphysic doubt ;
No bold "*Expedience*" arm'd with nod,
And sceptre of the "*Will of God.*"
His the plain thought, and homely phrase, 225
Below the jealous critic's praise ;
Adjusted to a lower sphere
Than courtier's heart, or scholar's ear.
To list'ning peasants still he told
What truths our covenant unfold ; 230
What duties e'en the rustic bind ;
What life best suits the carking hind ;
How o'er his household he may tend
With care of parent, master, friend ;
How spend his day, disburse his pelf ; 235
And love his neighbour, as himself ;
Nor less, what benefits may steal
From private worth to public weal ;

Yet more than these, what fear, what love,
What faith and hope, are due above ; 240
Such threadbare texts, so old and trite,
Would oft a flow of words excite ;
When sometimes would an eye appear
Moist with a penitential tear ;
And the chapp'd hands of labour stop 245
The trembling, big, officious drop.

Great is the bold usurper's pride,
That dares the dastard world bestride ;
To human feeling bid adieu,
And schemes of blood thro' blood pursue ; 250
By no defensive barrier stay'd,
By peril nor by right dismay'd ;
Crush the oppress'd, and smiling tear
The healing wounds of anguish bare.
His frantic boast let records store, 255
In splendid registers of gore !

To me the sacred pride more dear
Of raising a repentant tear
From eye of conscience-smitten clown,
Than vaunt of hurling empires down. 260
Slender ! that tear shall upward rise,
Where the dark scroll of judgment lies,
Bathe the wide volume of dismay,
And wash a thousand sins away ! 264

END OF CANTO II.

THE CURATE.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The Curate's lot compared with that of other infidel religious teachers....with that of our dissenting ministers....The superiority of their situation....as well as of all other professions....His education and prospects widely different from his present circumstances....Worldly views objected to him....refuted....Candour and impartiality necessary to judge of his real difficulties....The Rector's reason for not increasing his salary....Justice of it considered....Appeal to the Bench of Bishops and to Parliament....The actual evils attendant upon the poverty of a resident minister....Caution to parents.

THE CURATE.

CANTO III.

RELIGION'S various priests examine,*
Bonze, Akond, Imaum, and Brahmin !
Professors of the sacred code
On Amram's offspring first bestow'd,

* We find the priests of Pharaoh described as possessed of a competence in Gen. xlvii. 22; and in a summary of the Bible, intitled "The Way to True Happiness," published at the beginning of the 17th century, the following ludicrous question and answer.—" *Qu.* What zeale had Pharaoh, being an infidell, toward his idolatrous priests, more than many Christians now-a-dayes have toward the true ministers of God?—*Ans.* "He did not diminish their church-livings."

£

Their office claims it's equal payment, 5
And furnishes both food and raiment.
Perverted tho' the theme they preach,
Yet all are fed by what they teach.
With easy competence they can
Reveal their dreadful God to man. 10

The champion of a bigot sect,
The babbling minister-elect,
The groaning vender of damnation,
The pedlar of a cheap salvation,
The ranting puritanic Stentor, 15
The gabbling jumping Welsh Dissenter,
All sorts of predicating things,
Compar'd with Curates, live like kings ;
By presents, contributions, fees,
Bequests from pious devotees, 20
And holy charities immense,
With Peter they secure the pence.

They know how Zion starves her train,*
And Gebal points the way to gain.
Moab and Midian now may boast 25
Within our Isle their various host.
Our Mother-Church can shelter too
The gods of Sephervaim's crew.
With toleration lets them all
Each on his own Almighty call : 30

* The following story from Selden was never more applicable than at present. "The Protestant is least regarded, appears by the old story of the Keeper of the Clink. He had priests of several sorts sent unto him. As they came in, he asked them, who they were. "Who are you?" to the first. "I am a priest of the church of Rome." "You are welcome," quoth the Keeper, "there are those, who will take care of you." "And who are you?" "A silenced minister." "You are welcome too : I shall fare the better for you." "And who are you?" "A minister of the church of England." "Oh ! God help me," quoth the Keeper, "I shall get nothing by you ; I am sure you may lie, and starve, and rot, before any body will look after you."

And kindly feeds the reptile guest,
That crouches vengeful in her nest.

Thrice happy those ! whom want oppress'd,
And all a beggar's woes distress'd,
Whose shallow cup was dash'd with gall, 35
Till gladden'd by a timely *call* :
A *call* from indigence and strife
To a fat sanctity of life ;
From shop-board, lapstone, cart, and dray,*
From shambles, pot-house, forge, and quay, 40

* The following persons obtained licences at the New Sessions-house, Clerkenwell, July 23, 1808. Mr. Norton, dealer in old clothes; Mr. Wilson, grinder; Mr. Hinds, sheep's-head-seller: Mr. Saunders, coach-painter; Mr. Colston, pressman; Mr. Downes, glazier; Mr. Hickup, footman; Mr. Staunton, tooth-drawer, peruke-maker, and phlebotomist; Mr. Parry, breeches-maker. One man, a bellows-blower to a forge, was refused a licence, for he could not even tell the letters of the alphabet. The *natural* connexion which subsists between many of these

From shears, and nets, and saws, and sewers,
The spawn of vagabonds, and whores,
By thirst and pinching hunger fir'd
Each feels his famish'd breast inspir'd,

and the Clerical profession, may not perhaps be sufficiently obvious to the reader of ordinary penetration. I subjoin the following quotation for his instruction. " 'Tis wonderful to observe what a vehement desire there is in the men of the leathern doublet to change it for a cloak or a cassock! Oh! the pulpit is so charming a thing, that a country fellow, a town weaver, or a barber, cannot but admire it. They look on't as the best remedy to prevent sleeping at church; for nothing keeps a man so entirely awake as the pleasure of hearing himself talk. Your journeymen tailors are the most dextrous at jumping into the rostra, of any, because they have the advantage of being bred on a shop-board; which very grave people think the next step to a pulpit." *Palmer's Moral Essays, &c. &c.* The increase of the Methodists, from August 1807 to August 1808, was calculated by the meeting of their preachers, held at Bristol in August 1808, at 8000; upwards of 120 chapels were erected, and the society was pronounced to be in a most flourishing state.

To soothe his belly, quits his sin, 45
And owns the quick'ning voice within.
Now godly rabbles round him throng,
And gulp the honey of his tongue.
Converted widows chant his fame,
And teeming wives besaint his name. 50
Resting with these his pilgrim feet,
He gives his blessing on their meat,
By wasting cares no longer weak,
His pious skin at length grows sleek.
Till sunk in affluence obdurate, 55
He smiles triumphant at the Curate.*

* The only effectual method of checking the progress of the Dissenters, and especially the Methodists in this country, is to put the Curate of the Church of England on a footing with their ministers in pecuniary circumstances. If the smallness of the livings be the origin of the poverty of the Curate, this might be remedied by not allowing a Curate to livings under 300*l.* a year, and by securing to him from benefices which exceed that yearly value, a house and income never less than 150*l.* per annum.

Of gallipots behold the master !
 That blends the dose, and spreads the plaister.
 With doggrel phrase, and features surly,
 Bred in the mortar's hurly-burly ! 60
 Whose plastic art can mould the pill,
 Can just not save, and almost kill ;
 Whose science, (hush !) whose practice, teems
 With barber's salves, and nurse's dreams,

This is too confined a salary for a large family. Few of the resident Methodist preachers make less than 200*l*. It is very well for the spirit of revolution and discontent, to ascribe to the undignified and indigent Curate the character of carelessness and lukewarmness. In many cases, the *πρωτη Συμφορη* must produce great indifference. Indeed, let me ask, who can be earnest in the care and conversion of souls, and in the preservation and support of the Established Religion of the country, who is left to the mercy of a severe world, and whose thoughts must be employed in "providing for the day, that is passing over him ?"

By deaths, and long experience taught 65
To give, where nothing's fatal—ought.
Inspect his brow!—the frown how great!
The frontispiece of urging fate!
As gravely pompous he would draw
The tusk, that threatens half the jaw! 70
Or in attempts to breathe a vein,
He cleaves an artery in twain.
Yet can his murd'rous want of skill,
Secure a proud abundance still :
And e'en th' apprentice in his shop, 75
That holds the scales, and pours the drop,
Lives better far, and treasures more,
Than one poor Curate in a score.

Observe the pigmy sons of Law,
Profoundly school'd in splitting straw, 80
That find a gap for guilty fears,
And set whole districts by the ears.

Their contracts, parchments, suits and pleas,
Were more than paid by surplice.fees.
Yet zealous Churchmen lack their stores 85
Of nobles, angels and moidores.
Curates are beggars to these sharks,
And look with envy on their clerks.

Train'd are the limbs of British tars
To storms tremendous, trenched scars ; 90
The sturdy ploughman born to toil
With healthy sinews tills the soil ;
The soldier braving hostile skies
Ten thousand shafts of fate defies ;
His trade to keep his country free, 95
And die for glory, canes, and tea.
Not so the Curate! train'd to pleasure,
In learned ease and careless leisure :
By fits to catch the fashion's rage,
Or hold soft dalliance with a sage ; 100

To bid his future lot defiance,
And live the son of mirth and science;
To fabricate the splendid trope,
And batten (heav'nly dish!) on hope;
Hard, very hard his stubborn lot, 105
These to forget and live forgot!
The dismal journal of his year,
What Muse may tell without a tear?
Whom cannot cares like his affect,
Domestic want, and friend's neglect? 110

Yet still he hears, "Oh raise thy mind
By filthy lucre too confin'd!
In sunder burst the length'ning chain
Of an insatiate love of gain.
Meekness and love suit thy condition* 115
Better than wealth and vain ambition.

* Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition.

SHAKSPEARE.

With hand thus station'd at the plough,
Thou canst not change thy calling now.
Why since it's evils seem well-known,
Didst thou e'er chuse the luckless gown ? 120
Who e'er oblig'd thee thus to pack
A shirt of Nessus on thy back ?”

Does then the eye of youth e'er look
So far in life's eventful book ?
Does it, unstrengthen'd yet by age, 125
Anticipate the distant page ?
Is not the present leaf it's scope,
And all that follows left to hope ?
What dastard Fortune's lott'ry tries,
And thinks not his will be the prize ? 130
'Tis late experience he must thank,
Who dreads the still officious blank.
Say, sage objector, where is he,
That dreams of want at twenty-three ?

When prebends still and livings fall 135
On heads, that had no hopes at all ;
Will youth sagaciously reflect
On miseries, which none expect ?
On woes, that with their victims lie
Deep-buried from the public eye ; 140
On want, disease, despondent care,
That spend their baneful venom there :
And hush'd in manly silence rest
Still rankling in the noble breast.*

* I sincerely believe, that no profession labours under more serious misery, than the inferior ministers of our church, or bears it with greater dignity. Yet it is no uncommon thing to find men, who believe them all to be surfeited with a superabundance of every thing, which, in their view of the subject, can render this life tolerable, and to be prominent examples of what they are pleased to term—'otium cum dignitate.' It does not, however, require any singular penetration, to discover that their fate is supplied from that melancholy cask of Jupiter, which

I love the man, whose ardent mind 145
 Pursues the study of mankind :
 Whose active eye can freely trace
 The varied features of our race :
 Who marks affliction's blasting touch,
 Cries—"Here's too little ! there too much !" 150
 Not cramm'd with sentiments in store,
 Of new sophisticated lore :
 Not curs'd with nerves of modern make,
 That all but real woe can shake ;
 To harp Æolian best consign'd, 155
 That moans beneath the passing wind.
 Ill fare the wight, that boasts to feel,
 That sobs o'er wounds he will not heal :

affords little, that is likely to make them affluent, or
 reputable in the eyes of the world.—

Ὡς δὲ καὶ τῶν λυγρῶν δαή, λωβήτορ ἐθήκε,
 Καὶ ἡ κακὴ βεβρωσις ἐπὶ χθοναδὶαν ἱλαυνεῖ·
 Φοιτᾷ δ' ἔτι βροτοῖσι τιτίμανος· &c.

ILIAD. b. 24.

That pities, wails and weeps enough,
Philanthropizes, and such stuff. 160
While his cold heart cannot command
The weak concurrence of his hand.
Let others Slender's case regard,
Who think a life of hardship hard.

“Nay,” cries the Rector, “Curates plenty 165
Instead of fifty pounds have twenty* ;

* In the xxxiiiid Canon of the Church of England, it is ordained, that no person shall be admitted into holy orders without proving to the Bishop, that he has, or will have in the church a decent maintenance, arising from benefice, curacy, fellowship, chaplaincy, &c. &c. The Canon then proceeds:—“And if any Bishop shall admit any person into the Ministry, that hath none of these titles, as is aforesaid, then he shall keep and maintain him with all things necessary, till he do prefer him to some ecclesiastical living: and if the said Bishop shall refuse so to do, he shall be suspended by the Arch-bishop, being assisted with another Bishop, from giving orders by the space of a year.” Why is not this rigorously

If Mr. Slender covets more,
 E'en let him other Cures explore !
 For me, it matters not a farthing
 If bred in Oxford or Caermarthen ! 170
 Wales still in hungry worth abounds,
 Well satisfied with twenty pounds."

Alas ! too true :—it must suffice,
 Church-service has its market-price.
 Sir Rector, you have argued well, 175
 'Tis your's to buy, as Curates sell.
 The Nethinims,* when all is said,
 By twenty pounds are amply paid :

observed ? I am confident, no unprejudiced person
 will admit, that a little paltry curacy of 30*l.* 40*l.* or
 50*l.* a year, can reward the labours, support the credit
 or justify the ordination, of a Clergyman.

* The *Nethinims* were the lowest ministers in the
 Jewish Temple. The first of them were the Gibeon-
 ites, whom Joshua made ' hewers of wood and

Since wages should not be too great
 For scavengers in church or state. 180
 Full well that sum rewards the pain
 Of buffets from the wind and rain :
 Of asthmas, rheumatisms, colds,
 All ills the hospital unfolds ;
 Of arduous practice, patient teaching, 185
 Of fasting eloquence in preaching ;
 Of care with virtue to endow men,
 Of probing deep the souls of ploughmen,
 In fine, of every pang at viewing
 The Church-establish'd go to ruin. 190

Ye mitred heads to whom belongs*
 Relief of Curates and their wrongs !

drawers of water.' They were proverbially poor and abject.

* We have for some years past heard much of a design of calling the attention of Parliament to this subject. It is probable we may hear much more.

Ye councils of the burden'd state
 Supreme in wisdom and debate !
 Deign from your honour'd seats to search 195
 The menial order of the church.
 See real worth in meanness groan
 And, bred to plenty, starve unknown ;
 See merit shrink by want severe
 The sexton's scoff, the vergers' sneer ; 200
 See talents eminently bright
 By poverty refus'd the light ;

In the questions, somewhat connected with it, which have been already canvassed there, the grand object has been artfully concealed. But we are told, "the grass is growing;" and it may be added, "the steed is starving!" The case is, I apprehend, almost desperate. Were the feelings of the Rector complied with, it would resemble the Slough of Despond, "which is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be, when they have done what they can." Human nature is too much the same in all orders, civil and ecclesiastical; and reforms affect those, who introduce them, as well as those for whom they were more immediately intended.

And patience, broken-hearted, crave*
A last long respite in the grave!
Nor deem it much to lend redress 205
Where care and indigence oppress.
Rich is the table,—large the feast,
Let then the Curate be a guest.
Let fairer distribution give
The liberty at least to live. 210

Where's now the hospitable store,
Balm of the wretched, sick, and poor?

* Among the evils recounted by Hollingworth, in his "Modest Plea for the Church of England," as attending the poor incomes of the Clergy, he justly insists upon the depression of spirits attending their life of indigence. "When a man's spirit is gone," he observes, "besides the loss he sustains in himself by neglecting all those improvements, which further hopes and expectations put him upon, he sinks into disesteem among his neighbours, and consequently his person is despised and his ministry neglected, and people hear him with as little reverence in the

What Curate's lot to them can spare
 A friend's support, a parent's care ?
 Can give the bed of anguish peace, 215
 Or bid the pang of hunger cease ?
 Can sanction lessons from above,
 A Maker's and a neighbour's love ?
 By kind beneficence supply
 What pride and churlish wealth deny ? 220

Reward of labours truly great,
 Where's now the Levite's affluent state ?*

church, as they admire him in his forlorn and threadbare habit in the streets." P. 112.

* Fuller, in his "History of the Holy War," has the following pertinent observation: "Let none conceive that God forgot the Levites in the division of the land, because they had no entire country allotted unto them. Their portion was as large as any, though paid in several sums. They had forty-eight cities with their suburbs, tithes, first-fruits, free-offerings; being better provided for than many English ministers, who may preach of hospitality to their

Where a small plenty to secure
From ridicule that waits the poor ?
Heirs of the world's neglect and care, 225
What pittance shall his offspring share ?
Where is the competence, that cheers
The widow's disregarded years ?
Can comforts such as these be flown
T' o'erload the church's pamper'd drone ? 230
The party-friend, the near relation,
Alike unsuited to their station ?
Gifted perhaps with hand, and skull fit
Far more for plough-tail, than for pulpit.

Parents ! be wise in time, nor rear 235
To chilling want your infant care !
His be the saw, and lancet thin,
The potent herb, th' indented skin,

people, but cannot go to the cost to practise it." B. 1,
c. 23. The portion of the Levites is described in
Numbers xxxv.

The bale of silk, the vintage prest,
The prune, the cane, and Eastern chest, 240
All trades, professions, callings search,
And fix on any but the Church.

THE END.

THE
PROGRESS OF AMBITION.

“Fortuna multis nimis dat, satis nulli.”—MART.

BLEST were the days of joy uncouth,
That dawn'd on Tuber's careless youth !
Bred in his father's lonely farm,
No other state possess'd a charm :
Content in rugged suit to plod,
Scatter the grain, or turn the sod,
Press the full teats of brindled kine,
And tend with wash the tuneful swine.

Thus cheerly pass'd the live-long day,
And youth with labour stole away.
When once at eve in vacant dream,
As home he drove the sluggish team,
Ambition caught the gaping swain,
With glowing projects fir'd his brain,
And bade him "drudge no more unpaid,
" But wisely quit his native shade,
" Seek other fields, whose happier soil
" Might bear the wages of his toil ;
" And make an envious neighbour prate,
" Of Tuber's once inglorious state."

E'en as she whisper'd, Fancy brought
Sweet visions to his raptur'd thought ;
The grain prolific widely sown
O'er furrow'd acres all his own ;
The meadow fill'd with home-bred stock,
The browsing herd, and scatter'd flock :

While brimming pails of milk return
To swing the merry mystic churn. .

Enchanting scenes ! With such a store,
Can Tuber ever wish for more ?
Why should his hopes aspire to less ?
Kind Fortune, grant him then success !
And bid the genial day-spring shine,
To crown so modest a design.
His Sire approves :—and smiling Fate
Bestows at length the blissful state ;
Stifles the wish his wants inspire,
By sending all his heart's desire ;
And then—to cheer his toilsome life,
Sweetens his leisure with a wife ;
A City-miss, that scorn'd to soil
Her hands with any vulgar toil ;
Of earth refin'd, and manners airy,
More for the drawing-room, than dairy ;

In cheese and butter, puddings, pies,
As Tuber said, "more nice, than wise."
Her lofty mind such filth abhorr'd,
And hop'd her loon might die a lord.

'Tis a fine thing, 'midst barns and sties,
To rear a castle in the skies !
But days *may* come !—and stranger things
Have been, than beggars dying kings !
Yet Tuber thrives :—his stores increase :
He buys the neighb'ring land and lease.
Auspicious suns still deign to rise,
And harvest double crops supplies.
Then Mrs. Tuber's hopes may live,
And Heav'n the boon of greatness give.

Gay dazzling hopes ! But Tuber's pride
Swells with the ebb of Fortune's tide.
Like pace his wealth and projects hold,
And last year's whims are this year sold.

New house, new furniture, and dress,
The thoughts of farm and filth suppress ;
And second Mrs. Tuber's plan,
To make her Jack a gentleman ;
While Fortune, with delusive smiles,
Her unsuspecting prey beguiles,
And still she pours the precious hoard,
Swells the drain'd coffer, loads the board.

Meantime on 'Change his name appears,
In contest with the Bulls and Bears ;
And is already understood,
By *wise ones*, likely to be *good* :
Good in the City ;—~~for~~ on earth
There is a special soil for worth.

Now cloy'd at length with rustic pleasure,
Yet eager to amass new treasure ;
To blaze his consequence and fame,
And swell the City with his name,

To bear unrivall'd like renown,
Either in country or in town,
His thoughts in one adventure anchor,
And Tuber must become a banker.
His wife applauds the splendid scheme,
And revels in a golden dream.
To both seductive phantoms rise,
Array the future in disguise,
The pageantry of state display,
And scatter thousands in their way.

Now thro' the mart profusely spread,
His notes their magic influence shed.
A ready worth for wants and wares
The cabalistic paper bears.
And Tuber idly-busy prates
Of balance, bills, stock, sight, and dates.
Swift o'er the page his goose-quill flies,
And figures dance before his eyes.

Big volumes speak of pounds and pence,
Where sums supply the place of sense.
From every quarter of finance
Increasing loads of wealth advance.
The farmer, tradesman, and the squire,
For Tuber's standard notes inquire.
Thus o'er each scheme kind planets reign,
And Tuber hazards, but to gain.

Now trick'd for parties, routs, and balls,
Gay nightly feasts, and morning calls,
While starveling City-pies and daws,
On Mrs. Tuber sneer applause,
At once she thinks the name of trade
A vulgar drawback on parade;
And bids her husband, nothing loth,
Indulge in fashionable sloth.

He hears, and calculates the term,
When soaring high above the firm,

His pride may run the glorious race,
Of mighty politics, and place ;
His name from slavish traffic free,
May bear the talisman, M. P. ;
His hands to ledgers foul unknown,
And strangers to the stock-book grown,
May cease to shovel out his store,
The monied scavenger no more,
And e'en the Ready-Reck'ner drop,
Fit tenant only for a *shop*.

In dark percentage slightly read,
Such lofty projects crowd his head.
Employ'd no more in vamping notes,
He talks of boroughs, venal votes,
Peers, Commons, house in town, vacation,
Franks, sinecures, and legislation.
While Mrs. Tuber spurs her Thane,
To grandeur never urg'd in vain.

Descants on private box at drama,
Lace, ministers, and panorama ;
Delightful whirl on pleasure's wing,
And in the country, quite a king.
Transporting thought !—Let neighbours prose ;
Sweet is the envy of one's foes !

'Tis fix'd.—And now his wider view
To clerks and discount bids adieu.
No longer bound to suit his looks
By each man's quantum in his books ;
The cringing bow of trade forgot,
Far brighter scenes await his lot ;
When limber every *simple* knee
Shall own the commoner's degree :
When country fists a palm shall seize,
Warm from the burly statesman's squeeze ;
And his broad aspect shoot derision,
Upon a starving Opposition.

Meantime his wife remotely bends
To a diminish'd band of friends ;
And still the gracious gods invokes
To shield her house from vulgar folks.

Bright shone the day, when flags in air
Effulgent stream'd o'er Tuber's chair.
Nor lacker'd hands, nor tongues denied
Their homage to exalted pride.
"Tuber and Liberty" in gold
A thousand azure bands unfold.
"Tuber and Liberty" around
From all the drunken mob resound.
Saluting and saluted far,
Oft stoops the monarch of the car :
Like some tall bulrush fast inclin'd,
That nods elastic to the wind.
With rustic smiles he glides along,
And pours his blessing on the throng.

But now, e'en while his honours bloom,
Vindictive fates advance his doom :
'Midst costly feasts, where friends supine
Drink Tuber's health in Tuber's wine ;
'Midst pomp, and gratulations fair,
Behold the cup of ruin there !
Like that Chaldean fabric tall,
Whose bulk but signaliz'd it's fall,
Must Tuber sink his rapid flight,
And end a noon of glare in night.

At once in want's relentless form
Terrific low'rs the treasur'd storm ;
And rise the blasting stars of pride,
That o'er his hapless fate preside.
Might but the days of toil return,
The greasy frock, the flail, and churn,
The goal of mad ambition known,
Tuber could now refuse a throne.

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But no ! the final die is cast,
And Tuber's rueful sentence past.
The transient meteor now must down
Below the shade of Fortune's frown ;
In empyrean realms to soar,
And catch the vulgar gaze no more !

Beneath yon sign, where sits the host,
And motley checkers smear the post,
There Tuber for the nighted guest,
Strews the faint horse his bed of rest.
And as the menial task he plies,
Involuntary tears arise !
Big with remorse, his aching heart
Can tales of other days impart :
Oft to the pensive swain repeat,
The curse of wishing to be great ;
Recount the catalogue of woes,
That indigence ambitious knows ;

And if the voice of gloomy truth
Can steal the ear of wayward youth,
With glowing energy he tells,
Where comfort with contentment dwells ;
How bastard greatness, rais'd on high,
O'erlooks the gulf that threatens nigh ;
Like some rude skiff with slender oar,
That once crept safely under shore,
Yet grown at length unwisely brave,
Defies the proud, recurvous wave,
Vaunts to the winds its puny sail,
And still invites a stronger gale ;
Till some majestic billow rise
With hoary summit to the skies,
And, bursting down with show'ry spray,
Wash the' unheeded mote away !

ROMANCE OF A NIGHT.

THE tempest howl'd;--and many a weary
league

Bologna's chequer'd valley stretch'd behind ;
No gleam beguil'd the tedious way's fatigue,
Nor chas'd the terrors of Tibaldi's mind ;
As on the mountain steep his mule affrighted
pass'd,
And vengeance thunder-pinion'd rode upon the
blast.

“ Dark storms,” he cried, “ that wide destruc-
tion spread,

“ Ye rival not the tumult of my breast!

“ The calm of innocence for ever fled,

“ Ten thousand tempests all my soul infest.

“ Soft slumbers to the just night’s soothing shades
 restore,
“ To me they usher hours of welcome rest no
 more.”

E’en as he spake, the lonesome pathway wound
 Deep in the mazes of a dreary wood.
Wide-spreading roots upheav’d the rugged
 ground,
 And here and there a cross disastrous stood.
But night had veil’d the scene, and not a glim-
 mer show’d
Where trees and rocks stupendous totter’d o’er
 the road.

Here thro’ the scanty rail, that skirts the way,
 In hideous darkness yawns th’ abyss below :
There down the steep, where goats impending
 stray,
 Dismantling torrents threaten as they flow.

Slowly the mule proceeds, nor dreads the peril
near,
While boughs and thwarting fragments strew the
pass with fear.

Now thro' the gloom diffus'd, a distant ray
Pour'd transient solace o'er Tibaldi's soul :
Devious he sought, if chance some open way
Might shew from whence the paly splendour
stole.

Onward he rode perplex'd ;—when now a sudden
blaze
Dispell'd the mist of doubt, and fix'd his anxious
gaze.

With pealing laughter round a flamy pile,
A group tumultuous breaks the still of night ;
Distracting bowls long hours of guilt beguile,
And uproar gilds the pallid mien of fright.

Wide awnings spread above receive the drench-
ing rain,
And pendent weapons speak the trade of lawless
gain.

On some, like clouds, that catch the sun's last
light,
The glare effulgent cast a glowing red :
While plac'd between it's radiance and the sight,
Huge moving figures broad black outlines
spread :
And many a lurid pine with trunk and boughs of
grey
Reflected far the strong, yet intercepted ray.

“ Yet do I fear to die ! ” Tibaldi cried,
And quickly trac'd his wand'ring steps again.
Regain'd the path, the lab'ring winds subside,
And not a leaf was patter'd by the rain.

Darkness and silence sway'd, save where a hol-
low roar
At lengthen'd intervals the forest echo bore.

Dreadful the sound! within Tibaldi's breast
Deep thoughts, and strange conflicting horrors
rose.—

Remorse again, no more by fear repress,
Like an assassin deals her hidden blows :
And ever as she strikes the secret gash pro-
found,
Remembrance vengeful pours new poison in the
wound.

“ Oh Lucca ! scene of every youthful care ;

“ And, (hapless day !) the source of every
woe,

“ When shall I see thy once-lov'd turrets rear

“ Their fretted brows, that nod o'er plains
below ?

“ When Serchio ! wrapt in sorrow, o’er thy mirror bend,

“ And to the whisp’ring reeds, new sighs and murmurs lend ?”

Tibaldi, never !—thus kind Heav’n decrees :

Towards Massa now thy luckless journey leads.
Soon shall new dread thy conscious bosom freeze,
And draw a life of penance on thy deeds.
Ravel’d to man full oft the web of justice lies,
Unseen the beauteous tissue still by mortal eyes.

A flurried tremour shook Tibaldi’s frame,

And every nerve with fear portentous thrill’d ;
As o’er his soul these dark reflections came,
Blacken’d despair, and life’s warm current
chill’d :

Sudden they pass’d, and drear ;—as on the mountain’s sides

’Mid lambs, and trembling kids, the Condor’s shadow glides.

Far from his purpos'd road Tibaldi strays,
Down woody dingles and o'er plashy dales ;
When now no more his mule the rein obeys,
But wearied sinks, and life exhausted fails:
Too late the gladd'ning voice, and gently-stroking
hand,
Senseless the carcase lies, and deaf to his com-
mand.

A silent tear bedew'd Tibaldi's cheek,
“ Dear partner of my griefs,” he cried,
“ adieu !
“ For thy unquiet master's fate too weak,
“ For his ungrateful care, alas ! too true.
“ Releas'd at length, poor mule, he envies thee
thy lot,
“ The course of labour run, and all thy faults
forgot.”

He said :—when hark ! upon the vacant air
The plaintive cadence of some distant knell !

Mournful it asks the wakeful pilgrim's pray'r,
And bids his soul with thoughts celestial swell.
Tibaldi hears, and towards the melancholy sound
With heartless motion bends, and many a long-
some round.

Far in ~~the~~ dell remote from impious man,
A convent spreads around it's ancient walls,
Where youth and beauty eke their fruitless
span,
And stern despondence every nerve enthrals.
Here o'er the midnight world a passing knell
convey'd
The last, and blest farewell of some departed
maid.

Soon as the bell announc'd a stranger near,
Swift to the gate an aged portress flew :
Tho' meek, her manners wore a gloom austere,
Nor one kind smile her wrinkled aspect knew.

Coarse woollen stuff ordain'd her shroudlike dress
supplied,
And beads with massive keys hung down on either
side.

When first she mark'd Tibaldi's ghastly mien,
His tarnish'd plume, and cloak unseemly rent,
Whence glisten'd polish'd arms the loops be-
tween,
Well nigh to earth her suppliant knees had
bent ;
Yet to her sight ere long a ring with jewels blaz'd,
And words of gentle kind with new assurance
rais'd.

“ No cheer, night-faring man, thy wants can find
“ Within the naked compass of these cells !
“ Our order, to their sex for ever kind,
“ All other strangers from this gate expels.

“ But near a saintly house of Benedictines lies,
“ That opes a ready door, when all the world
denies. .

“ E’en now their pious abbot here consigns
“ A corpse untimely to the ruthless grave :
“ See ! how the chapel-aisle with torches shines,
“ And trains of white-rob’d sisters fill the nave !
“ Ah ! may that pealing requiem waft thy soul
repose,
“ For never maiden yet endur’d severer woes !

“ But, stranger, stay, ere long the service o’er,
“ Our ghostly father may thy steps attend ;
“ Accept, meantime, yon seat beside the door,
“ And to the maiden’s tale a hearing lend ;
“ Mournful it is, and true ;—nor, since the world
began,
“ Can aught more plainly speak the wicked ways
of man.”

Tibaldi thoughtful takes the proffer'd seat ;

A mark'd impatience furrows all his brow :

His folded arms, his ever-restless feet,

And downcast eyes, the tortur'd mind avow.

Hard by his side the crone her well-stor'd cushion
leads,

And list'ning first around, loquacious thus proceeds :—

“ 'Tis now twelve months, since all Pistoia rang

“ Loud with the peal of young Bianca's fame :

“ A thousand poets all her virtues sang,

“ A thousand swains were jealous of her name.

“ E'en shrews and prudes admir'd ; and thro'
the babbling town

“ Pale envy shrunk abash'd before her fair re-
nown.

“ Yet let that pass :—from many a distant place

“ Marquis and Baron flock'd in rival swarms ;

- “ Professing some due homage to her face,
“ And some devotion to her mental charms.
“ No other theme than this thro’ all the country
pass’d,
“ Who bow’d to fair Bianca’s crowded shrine the
last ?
- “ Her doting sire, a plain industrious wight,
“ With inward pride beheld the suitors’ train ;
“ Encourag’d all ;—gave feasts ;—and liv’d out-
right
“ A life of thoughtless mirth, exempt from
pain.
“ Access was shut to none ;—the place was ne’er
so gay,
“ With worldly dance by night, and carnal pomp
all day.
- “ But midst of costly pageants and parade,
“ He bade her to the best pretensions bend ;

“ Talk’d of occasion, that when once delay’d,

“ Returns no more, or never to befriend.

“ Nor did she spurn advice so good, that thus
consign’d

“ To her a choice already form’d within her mind.

“ Alas ! Bianca, ’twas a luckless choice,

“ Never was youth less worthy thy regard !

“ While rank and merit waited still her voice,

“ She dar’d the whole devoted band discard

“ And on an abject youth her smile approving
fell,

“ Whose deep-laid schemes of guile prevail’d at
last too well.

“ Proud of his conquest o’er an artless breast,

“ Calmly the monster on her ruin broods :

“ Effects the plunder of her sacred rest,

“ And every chance of vengeance due pre-
cludes.

“ 'Tis now, (ah me !) a month, since that distressful time,

“ When instant flight proclaim'd the horror of his crime.

“ Deeply her father felt the maiden's shame,

“ And sunk untimely, as the blasted pine.

“ Consuming grief so drain'd her lovely frame,

“ A corpse of bones is all our vaults contain.

“ These walls the haven of her stormy fate she made,

“ And, in her death resign'd, for base TIBALDI pray'd.

“ But, stranger, why these groans ? why bursts that sigh ?

“ In sooth the tale, tho' pitiful, is true !

“ Yet frenzy gleams within thy rolling eye,

“ And o'er thy cheek is spread a death-like hue.

“Wast thou Bianca’s friend? or, chance, some
kinsman near?

“Or did thy tortur’d bosom ever hold her dear?”

“And could she then forgive?” Tibaldi cried,
“May Heav’n in mercy grant her final pray’r!

“On earth the peace of innocence denied,

“My soul infected sickens with despair.”

Unnumber’d crosses spoke the trembling crone’s
alarm,

As still she cried—“St. Agnes! guard these
walls from harm.

“Nay fly this place!—for racks and fire await

“The care, that shelters unrevealed crime.

“But see! the Abbot seeks yon private gate,

“His pious ear may shrive thy sins in time:

“Let him ensure thy agitated conscience rest,

“And heal the wounds unstaunch’d, that rankle
in thy breast.”

Tibaldi near advanc'd, the Father cast

Upon his doubtful form an eye of fear ;

For now the drowsy noon of night was past,

And e'en suspicion dream'd of no one near.

"Stranger !" he said, " what urgent cause thy
steps has led,

" Where never man by day intrusive dares to
tread ?"

" Dark o'er a sinful world," Tibaldi cried,

" Burst driving storms, unknown to cloister'd
peace ;

" Spurn'd of mankind, and nighted, here I tried

" From madd'ning thought to find a short re-
lease.

" Arriv'd but now, my breast with anguish new
receiv'd

" The last deep wound of fate ;—no more to be
reliev'd."

“Slight not,” the Prelate said, “that aid benign,
“Which Heav’n to man afflicted ne’er denies ;
“Thy griefs disclos’d, till better stars incline,
“Accept the solace, that our roof supplies !
“If fest’ring crimes, or woe, thy feelings craz’d
endure,
“Repentance still with pray’r may minister a
cure.”

Cheer’d with his voice, and by his kindness bold,
Tibaldi now disburden’d all his soul ;
And of his guilt reveal’d a source untold,
An avaritious parent’s harsh control.
Yet ever as the Abbot’s lips a balm declare,
His heart unsilenc’d moans, and whispers still
despair.

At length in cloak, and dismal cowl attir’d,
To penance us’d, Tibaldi sought repose,

Till in the confines of a cell retir'd,

His life and sorrows found a silent close.

And youths incloister'd still his hapless lot be-
wail,

As hoary monks record the melancholy tale.



ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

WHERE barren Alps ascend the skies,
Where waves on waves tumultuous rise,
Or headlong torrents roar,
Let others inexperience'd bend ;
While I to milder scenes descend,
Ignoble hours of quiet spend,
And peaceful climes explore.

Where creeps the pure sleep-soothing spring,
Where flagging gales their incense bring,
And fields and trees repose :
There let me tune the varied lay,
Supinely catch the slanting ray,
And dream the cares of life away,
That wants, or wealth, impose.

Swift sails on high the famish'd kite,
Or downward sinks his murd'rous flight,
 With beak relentless arm'd.

Tempestuous heaves the tortur'd breast,
Bereft of hope, by need opprest,
An exile from the down of rest,
 Still wakeful, still alarm'd.

Dash'd from it's rimp'd native bed,
The cataract diffusely spread,
 Indignant foams below.

Earth trembles at the giddy surge,
Proud forests totter on the verge,
And rifted rocks no more emerge,
 Deep-buried by the blow.

Far in the troubled flood's profound,
To shatter'd cliffs securely bound,
 Green waves the flexile weed :

'Mid all the din, the strife and heat,
Of man still striving to be great,
Be mine the safe, the calm retreat,
Impregnable to need.

On the bare wold how drives the blast !
The pilgrim flees ;—with gloom o'ercast,
Day sickens at the roar.
Methinks I hear the seaman's cry !
I see his heaven-lifted eye,
And mark his struggling efforts die,
Ere yet they reach the shore.

No less the baleful lightnings dart
Dread summons to the conscious heart,
And shake the couch of fear :
Where shall his guilty eyeballs turn,
Where one less hideous ray discern,
When prying splendours round him burn,
And blaze in vengeance near ?

Here o'er a desolated world
His purple banners wide unfurl'd,
 War leads the frantic train.
Hark ! how the last reluctant moan,
The crash of men and steeds o'erthrown,
The patriot sigh, the father's groan,
 Re-echo from the plain.

From scenes of fright and death afar,
Unpractis'd in the lists of war,
 The sage's years increase :
In wisdom meek, in virtue brave,
He spreads the mind that Heaven gave,
And ripens maturely for the grave,
 Upon the bed of peace.

THE PROSPECT.

OF all the rolling year I love the Spring,
When infant nature smiles the livelong day,
When the soft gale expands it's balmy wing,
And quick'ning suns dispense a warmer ray.

Down russet slopes the bending ploughman
strides,
And sportive boys his headlong team refrain;
Or, whistling home, the share uplifted guides,
Bids the red eve adieu, or talks of rain.

O'er the dank shaw, and broomy heath no more
The sullen mists in hoary vapours breed :

'Tis life and light around ! sweet murmurs pour
From hedge, and brake, from mead, and pen-
dent wood.

Bare every bough, the knotty moss-grown oak,
Still to the wind returns a mournful sound :
Below, the hare, his lonely vigils broke,
Pads o'er the rusty leaves that strew the ground.

Loud thro' the dewy copse with varied song
There Philomela stays the sauntering hind :
Here brawls some straggling brook the flags
among,
And the crack'd sheep-bell rattles on the wind.

Deep in the vale sequester'd Marlow lies,
Of regal Thames far-fam'd the coyest maid :
Whose charms half-seen, half-veil'd with sweet
disguise,
In gauzy vesture court the incurious shade.

Fair nurse of Heroes ! fraught with patriot lore
The stripling warrior loves thy sunny meads ;
As Fancy scatters wide her wizard store,
And fires his breast with love of martial deeds ;

Behind those woodland haunts, that forest mound,
In wakeful ambush plants the foe-man train ;
Here spreads the trench, and strong redoubt
around,
Guards the strait pass, or overruns the plain.

Where woods 'high-waving court the southern
breeze

And the clear fountain sheds perennial dews,
Now in her glassy stream proud Cliefden sees
'Mid shades reflected all her vernal hues.

There, as the gloom of witching midnight reigns,
For havoc near to wat'ry cell confin'd,
The Fiend of Fire with hideous groan complains
Of quenching spells, that still his empire bind.

And ever as the dismal notes resound,
The Fountain-Spirit quits his messy cave,
Thrice points on high, and sprinkling thrice
around
From iron bowl mysterious charms the Spring.

On Hurley's bank benignant Genii sport,
By pomp and false refinement undismay'd,
To groves that canopy the dale resort,
Dress the smooth lawn, or fan the silent shade.

Where yonder turret rears his fretted head,
Serenely shelter'd from the noontide glare,
Eliza's royal feet retirement led
To groves of peace from courts of scept'red
care.

O'er meadows, cluster'd elms, and gliding sails,
High on her cliffs imbower'd Danesfield peers ;
Where Med'enham's solitary ruin wails
Her shades profan'd, and violated years.

Oft, gentle Thames ! the gale, that crimps thy
wave,

Has borne unheard the groan of secret woe ;
Oft in thy stream the tear has found a grave,
That care for ever mute had taught to flow.

See proudly bending o'er the liquid plain
Thy native swan her insect victim seize,
'Mid osier isles, the callow, cygnet train,
Or spread her, downy sails upon the breeze.

Minions of pride ! to scenes like these unknown,
O'er whom unheeded smiles the vernal day,
When will ye deign to bend at Nature's throne,
Your blindness weep, and venerate her away ?

E'en here may grateful ardour fire the mind,
Rapt with a theme in sensual gloom disguis'd ;
Fair is the world to thankless man consign'd,
By knaves unhonour'd, and by fools despis'd.

TO
THE GLOW-WORM.

RESPLENDENT care of tender Nature,
Distinguish'd, wanton little creature,
What wonders centre in thy fate !
How humble, yet how blest thy state !
As bright along the dew-dropp'd way,
Thy golden folds securely stray ;
What time the beauteous Queen of Night
Sheds not a beam of borrow'd light,
Nor one moist ray is kindly giv'n
By all the twinkling gems of heav'n.
Much do I love thy wand'ring glow,
That lights the slope, where vio'lets grow ;

When pleas'd to mark thy vagrant blaze
Intent the homeward peasants gaze ;
Explore thy form and magic light,
And hail thee harbinger of night.
They ask not, why that lucid vest
Thy little form alone has blest,
Nor trace the work of hand Divine
That gave thee mystic pow'r to shine.
Yet o'er thy head on pinions high
Glides a fond consort insect-fly.
He sees thy glare, and from above
Bends low his flight to greet thy love.
He, happy mate, can rove at will,
And still return and love thee still,
By thy soft lustre ever led
To court the pleasures of thy bed.

Thus Providence to man assign'd
The splendour of a radiant mind ;

A light attractive, bright, and pure,
Whose charms might please, whose beams allure,
And while it cheer'd the dreary way,
Where joys beguile and hopes betray,
Guiding to worlds less frail than this,
Might lead the wand'ring man to bliss.

FINIS.



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